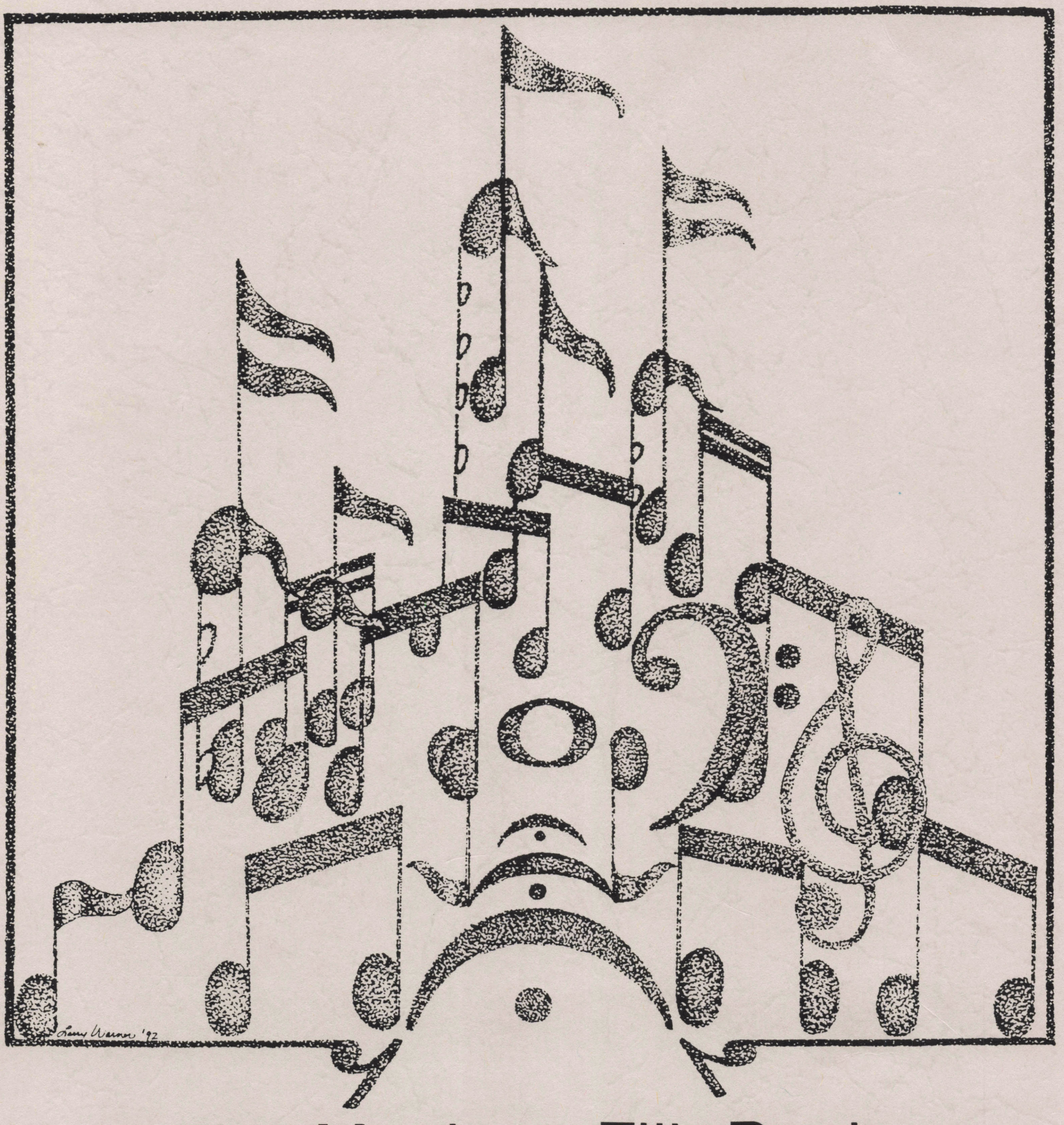
Major and Minor Magic



The Magicon Filk Book

Major and Minor Magic

The Magicon Filk Book

Introduction

You don't have to go to a filk convention like OVFF, Consonance, or ConChord to find a good filk program, but it helps. They're getting easier to find near your home, with five additional filk cons in the next year: Conterpoint, FilKONtario, Harmonicon, Musicon, and Pentatonic. Some regional conventions and relaxicons also have great filk programs, too numerous to mention.

However, none of those lasts quite as long as the WorldCon, nor has quite as many filkers from widely different areas. There have been WorldCon filk programs from which commercial tapes were made since 1982. In 1989 and 1991, it was like having an entire filk convention running in parallel with the WorldCon, a tradition we are trying to uphold this year.

There are songbooks and filkzines available, but many of them print only the words, perhaps with guitar chords. It's a lot of work to produce a book that includes the tunes, as those who have gone through the ordeal will tell you. Still, the available software is getting better and cheaper, so it's not as hard as it used to be.

There are many excellent songs in circulation with original tunes that have never been published in printed form. A few will appear in anthologies like *Stave the Wails*, or single artist collections like *Dreamer* or *Songbook Pusher*. More trickle out each year in the program books of the filk conventions. This year, we're doing the same for the WorldCon.

It all started back in January, 1992, when some people decided to run ConCertino, a pick-up filk convention in Massachusetts (to replace the cancelled ConCerto). Gary McGath took on publications, and ably put together the program book, assisted by Helva Peters. They had such a good time, they volunteered to do it again. They did such a good job, their offer was eagerly accepted, and you are holding the result.

This is the MagiCon souvenir filkbook, with a press run of 300 copies. It was composed on a Macintosh, with scores entered using ConcertWare Plus (version 5.2.2) and Ready Set Go (Version 4.0), typeset using an NEC Silentwriter 95, reproduced xerographically, and bound by the elves of M.A.S.S. F.I.L.C. MagiCon kindly advanced the production costs. The book is available at the 1992 World Science Fiction Convention for $3 (U.S.) while they last, and if there are any left afterward, to dealers at the same price, wholesale, to be sold retail as a collector's item.

We are very grateful to the contributors: T. J. Burnside Clapp, Harold Feld, Leslie Fish, Bob Kanefsky, Rennie Levine, Kathy Mar, Gary McGath, Naomi Pardue, Helva Peters, Roberta Rogow, Steve Savitsky, Jane Sibley, Bill Sutton and Larry Warner. We are also pleased to have a cover illustration by Larry Warner (from an idea by Helva Peters), and interior illos by Gary McGath and Virginia Taylor *[not to mention the many authors of public domain clip art whose work was used here — GDM]*. These people kindly donated their permissions for nothing more than contributors' copies and the chance to help make this WorldCon a little extra special.

We, and they, hope you enjoy it.

Spencer Love

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The World Inside the Crystal

Lyrics and Music: Steve Savitzky, Copyright 1992

Am C
1. Be- - side the world we live in, - a- -
2. The com- pu- ter is a gate- way - to a
3. Now - you who do not know this world, its -
4. Call us hack- ers, call us wiz- ards, - with de-
G Em E
part from day and night Is a world a- blaze with
world where ma- gic rules, Where the on- ly law is
dan- gers or its joys, You - take the things we
ri- sion or re- spect; Still our souls are marked by
Am G Am
won- der, - Of - ma- gic and de- light. Like a
lo- gic, - Webs of words the on- ly tools; Where we
build there, - and you use them as your toys, You -
some- thing - that your la- bels can't af- fect. Though our
Am C G
ma- gic crys- tal mir- ror, my com- pu- ter lets me
play with words and sym- bols, and cre- a- tion is the
trust them with your for- tunes, - and let them guard your
words are touched by strange- ness, there is lit- tle we can

Em E Am
know Of the oth- er world with- in it, - where my
game, For - sym- bols have the po- wer - to be-
lives, From the cha- os of cre- a- tion - just their
say — You would on- ly hear the e- cho - of a
G Am Dm
bo- dy can- not go. We can on- ly see the
come the things they name. We can on- ly see . . .
fi- nal form sur- vives. You can on- ly see the
mu- sic far a- way. You can on- ly see . . .
C Am
sha- dows of e- lec- trons on a screen From the
sha- dows . . .
G Am G Am
world in- side the crys- tal that no hu- man eye has seen.

What She Said

Lyrics and Music: Larry Warner, Copyright © 1992

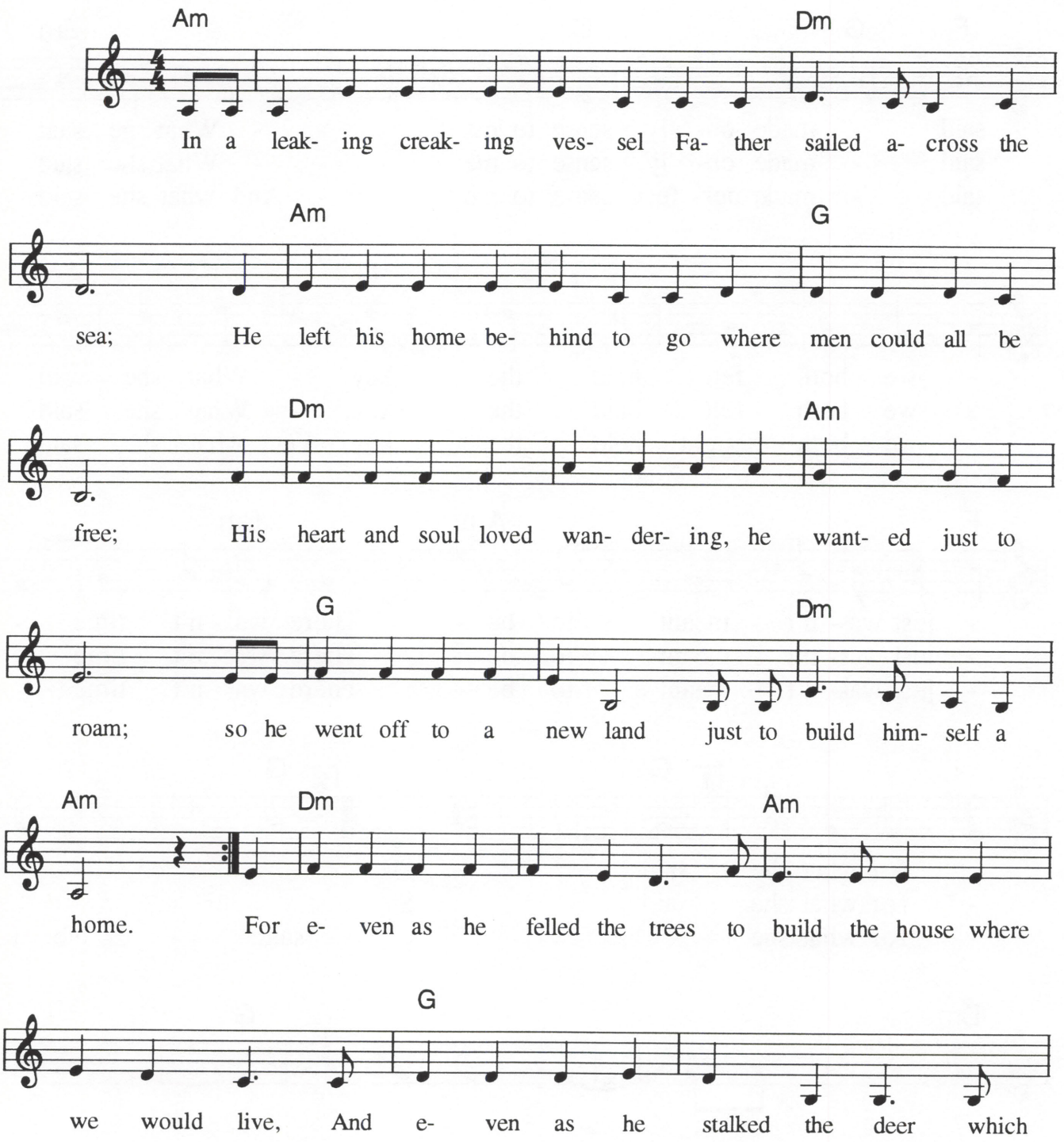
Star Trek — "The City on the Edge of Forever": Remember Edith Keeler? Kirk does.
A song that came out of one context, but fits in many.

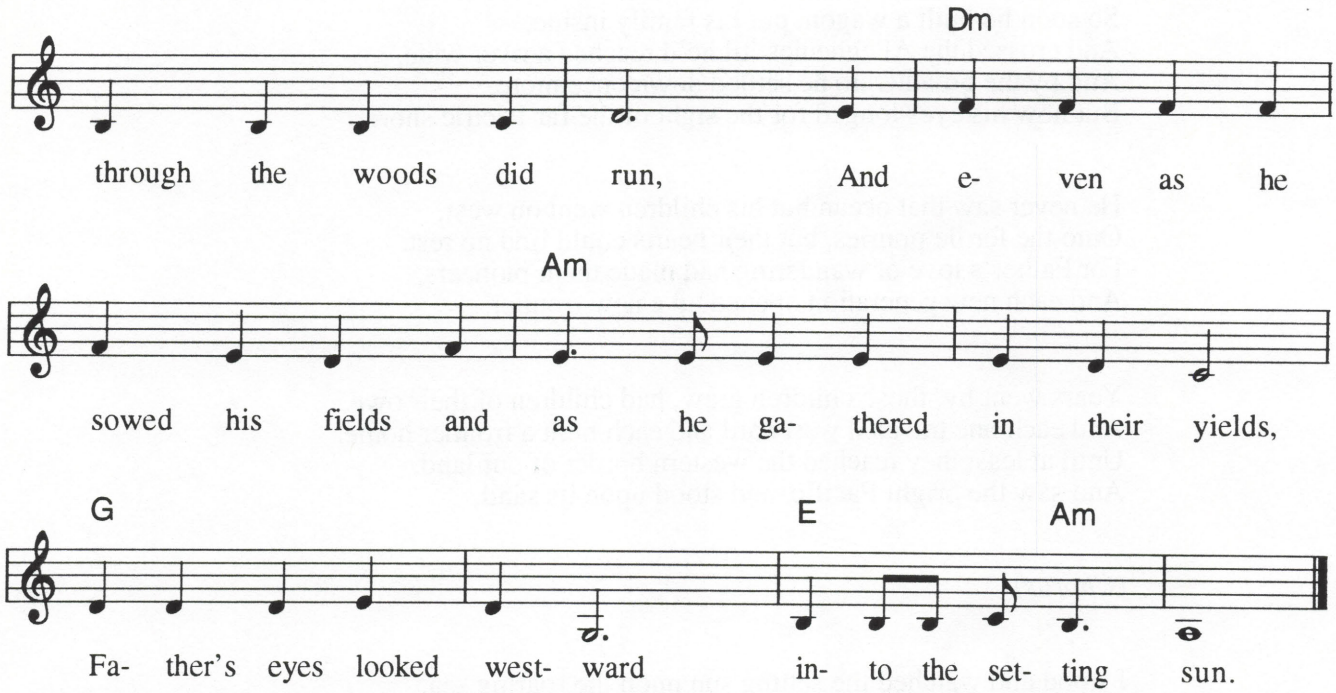
G C
1. She said, "A lie's a
said, "The days a-
said, "You and
F C Dm
poor way to say - 'Hel- lo'." But at the - time - -
head - are worth liv- ing for." I could- n't pre- dict - -
I - we see the same things." Nei- ther could guess - -
G G7
- How could I know that she would
- What lay there in store. Some- how she
- What on- ly time brings. I thought I
Am F
find a door- way to my heart When
saw - straight in- to my soul When
knew ex- act- ly what was best;
Dm E
I was on- ly play- ing a part? - What she
I was on- ly play- ing a role; - What she
That's what sing- les fools from the rest; But what she

F G C Em
said - made on- ly sense to me - - - What she said
said - made on- ly sense to me - - - What she said
said - made per- fect sense to me - - And what she said
F G Am
- we both felt held the key, - What she said
- we both felt held the key, - What she said
- we both thought held the key, Yet what she said
F C Am Dm
- just was- n't meant to be — There was- n't time - -
- just was- n't meant to be — There was- n't time - -
- just was- n't meant to be — There was- n't time - -
1 G
2 G
- for what she said.
- for what she said.
- for what she
2. She
3. She
said; - No, it
Dm G
was- n't the time - - - for what she said.

Soul of a Pioneer

Lyrics and Music: Naomi Pardue, Copyright 1984


Am
Dm
In a leak- ing creak- ing ves- sel Fa- ther sailed a- cross the
Am
G
sea; He left his home be- hind to go where men could all be
Dm
Am
free; His heart and soul loved wan- der- ing, he want- ed just to
G
Dm
roam; so he went off to a new land just to build him- self a
Am
Dm
Am
home. For e- ven as he felled the trees to build the house where
G
we would live, And e- ven as he stalked the deer which

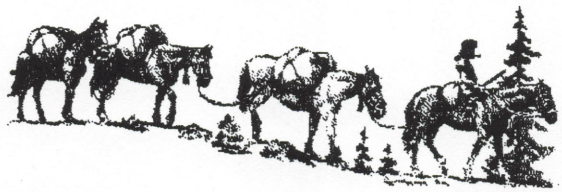

Dm
through the woods did run, And e- ven as he
Am
sowed his fields and as he ga- thered in their yields,
G
E
Am
Fa- ther's eyes looked west- ward in- to the set- ting sun.

Am Dm
In a leaking, creaking vessel Father sailed across the sea;
Am G
He left his home behind to go where men could all be free.
Dm Am
His heart and soul loved wandering, he wanted just to roam,
G Dm
So he went off to a new land, there to build himself a home.

Father found a wife when he had settled on the land;
He built a home for her in sight of ocean, shore and sand.
He raised his children on that shore but all the while he longed
To journey further inland, to find the stuff of song.

Chorus:

Dm Am
For even as he felled the trees to build the house where we would live,
G E
And even as he stalked the deer which through the woods did run,
Dm Am
And even as he sowed his fields and as he gathered in their yields,
G Em Am
Father's eyes looked westward, into the setting sun.



So soon he built a wagon, put his family inside,
And crossed the Alleghenies 'til he'd reached a river wide,
And by the broad Ohio he settled down once more,
But now his eyes longed for the sight of the far Pacific shore.

He never saw that ocean but his children went on west,
Onto the fertile prairies, but their hearts could find no rest.
For Father's love of wandering had made them pioneers,
And each new generation opened up a new frontier.

Years went by, those children grew, had children of their own,
And each one traveled westward and each built a frontier home.
Until at least they reached the western border of our land,
And saw the bright Pacific, and stood upon its sand.

(Chorus)

I stood and watched the setting sun upon the roaring sea.
I looked up at my father and said, "What is left for me?
For though we have no fam'ly jewels," I whispered through my tears,
Your children have inherited the souls of Pioneers."

"Our fathers wandered virgin woods and turned new prairie sod,
But now there aren't any paths that haven't yet been trod.
Our journey here is ended, there can be no new frontiers,
So what's to be the fate of we, the youngest pioneers?"

For even as you felled the trees to build the house where we would live,
And even as you stalked the deer which though the woods did run,
And even as you sowed your fields and as you gathered in their yields,
I saw your eyes look westward, into the setting sun.

Father smiled down on me, the ocean in his eyes;
"There are always new frontiers," he said, and looked up to the skies.
"There are new places to explore, new destinies to find,
Beneath the sea, or in the stars, or in your heart and mind."

The stars were coming out, they shone reflected on the sea;
I looked at them and in my soul I knew I could be free.
Perhaps I or my children might explore these new frontiers;
There always are new goals to warm the souls... of pioneers.

Give Me a Martian Rover

Lyrics: Bob Kanefsky, Copyright © 1992
Music: "Ramblin' Rover" by Andy M. Stewart

Chorus:
D A D D G D
Oh, there's astronauts aplenty, and launches barely twenty.
G D A G
They'll wait out the 1990's and may never get off the ground.
D A D D G D
But give me a Martian rover. Just send a hundred over,
G D A D
And with Option, Shift, and Clover I will tele-explore around.

Oh, there's eager anticipation of weightless copulation.
It's become a preoccupation for which many a pair rehearse.
Just call me a doubting Thomas. Hold on to your pajamas,
'Cause a trip to the Bahamas would be easier on the purse.

(Chorus)

Oh, there's many who planned on swimmin' with naked Martian women
In canals they believed were brimmin' for their steamy romantic spree.
They must feel a mite embarrassed: we found no Martian heiress.
But there's Valles Marineris; that's romantic enough for me.

(Chorus)

I have roamed throughout the planets. You wonder how I can?
It's that wherever the robots land it's just a matter of tuning in.
You may think a spacesuit better, but I feel so much wetter
With a sea of molten lead or liquid methane against me skin.

(Chorus)

E.V.A. gets acrophobic, your room is claustrophobic,
All the food is anaerobic, and you're finding it's hard to take.
Though your job is on the Station and mine's teleoperation,
I may find some consolation having lunch at my mountain lake.

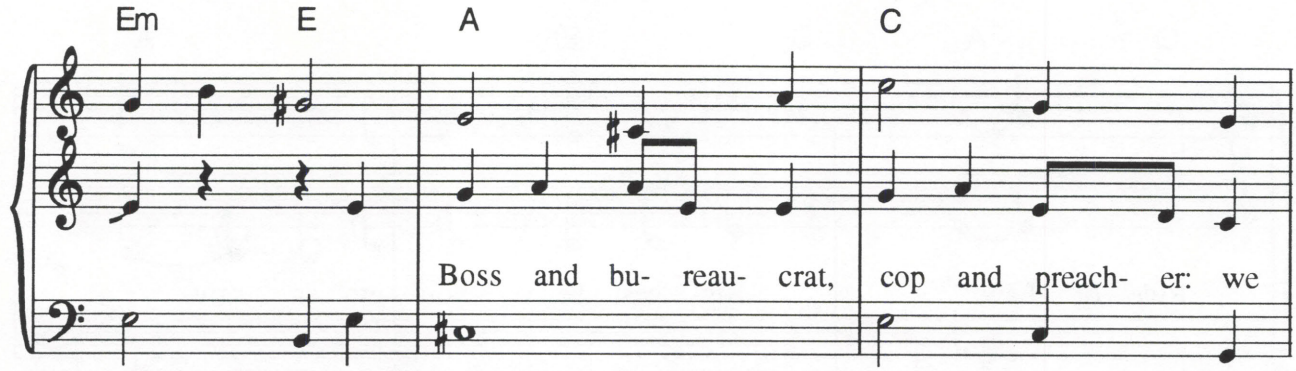
(Chorus)

Firestorm

Lyrics and Music: Leslie Fish

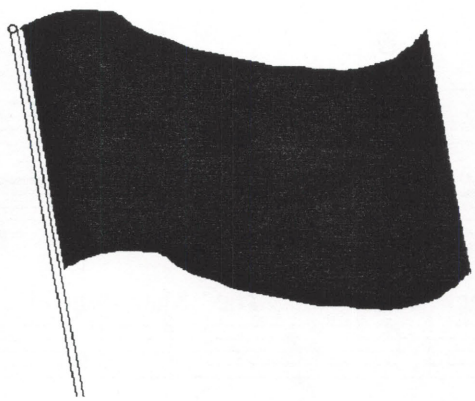
Copyright © 1989, Firebird Arts and Music

G A G Em A
Rule of Law: Big- gest lie you ev- er saw.
G Em A A Verse
Small wars here and
G A Amin D G A
big crimes there Make such a fine ex- cuse To
D A D A C D
put your life in the hands of The Man who'll nev- er turn you loose.


Em E A C
Boss and bu- reau- crat, cop and preach- er: we

D A F
let them have their way — They got pow- er and

D F G A
all the Earth, We got hell to pay.



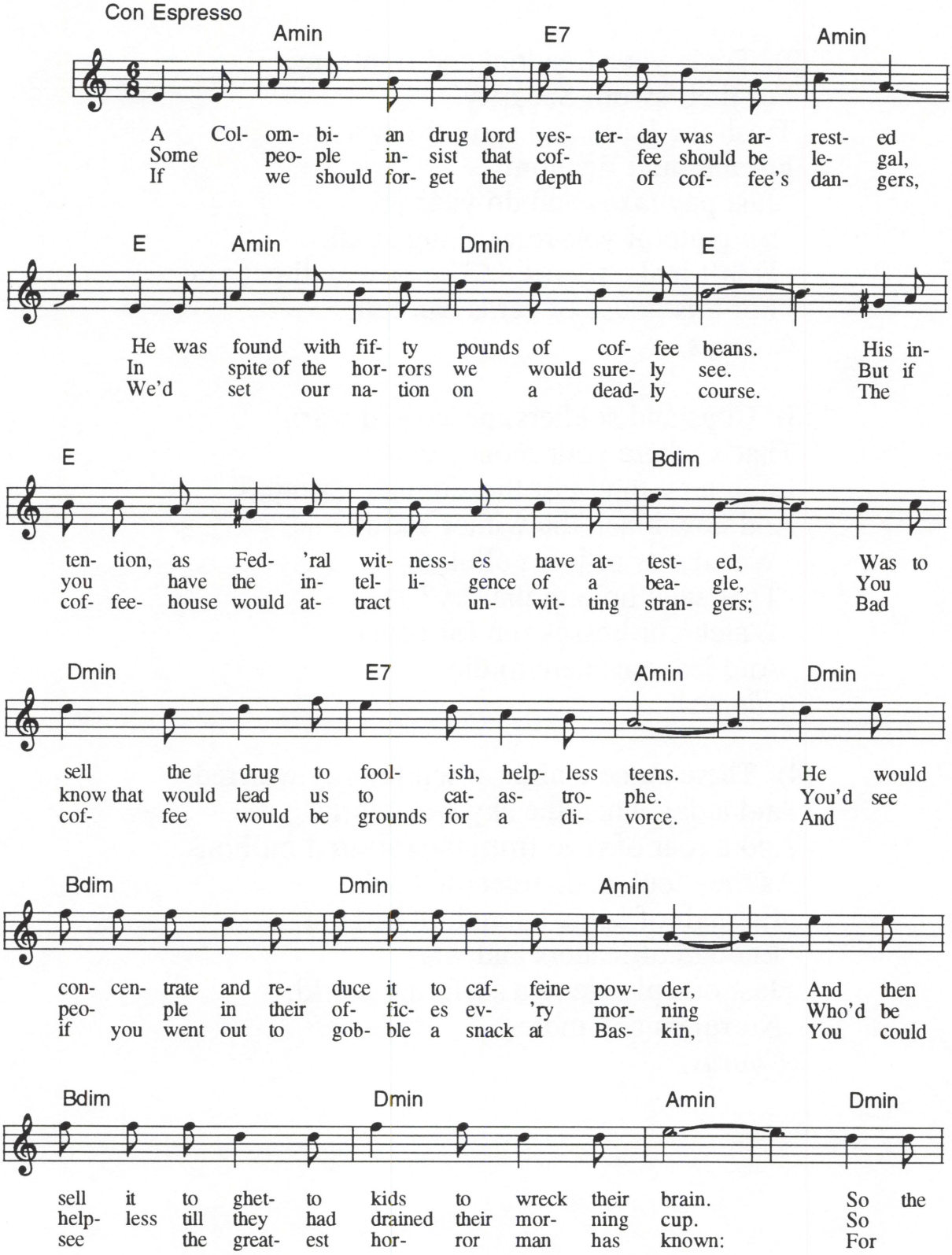
(2) Trade your freedom and rights away
For their sworn Security.
Trash the Earth and spoil the waters
For a Sound Economy.
Just pay taxes and do your job.
Be grateful you're working at all.
Don't make waves or The Law will get you,
For this house of cards can fall.
(Chorus)

(3) Cops and soldiers, peace and war:
That's where your money goes.
Look how long last the summer droughts,
And how black the winter snows.
Was it war or just pollution
That ate a hole in the sky?
Watch our bosses run for cover
And leave us here to die.
(Chorus)

(4) There came a night when the sky was red
And a day when the sky was black.
And a roar of rage from the tortured millions
As they took their freedom back.
Enough of laws, enough of orders,
Enough of leaders and war!
Just one pledge to a suffering world:
No rulers any more.
(Chorus)

The Alternate World Temperance Union

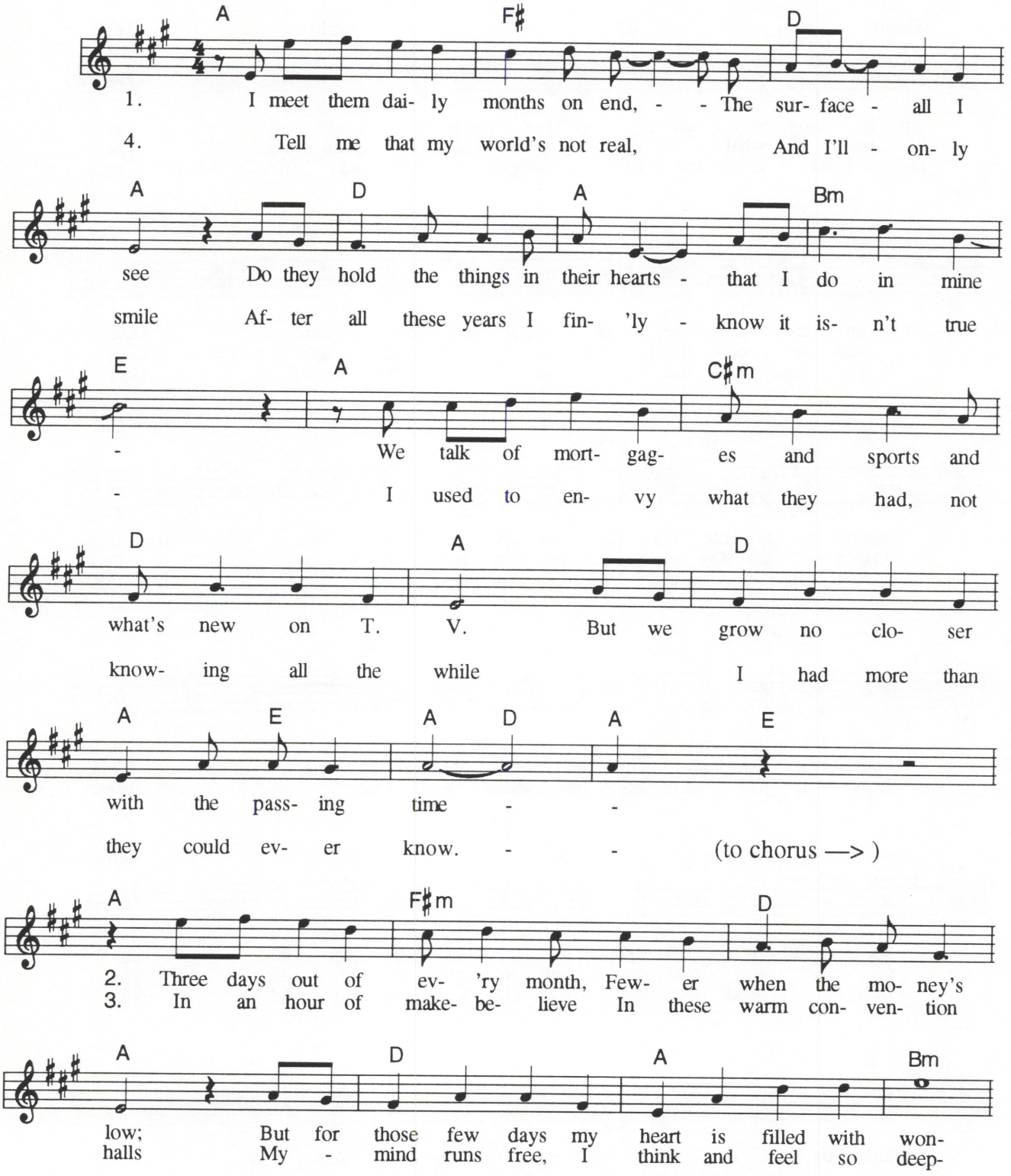
Lyrics and Music: Gary McGath, Copyright © 1992

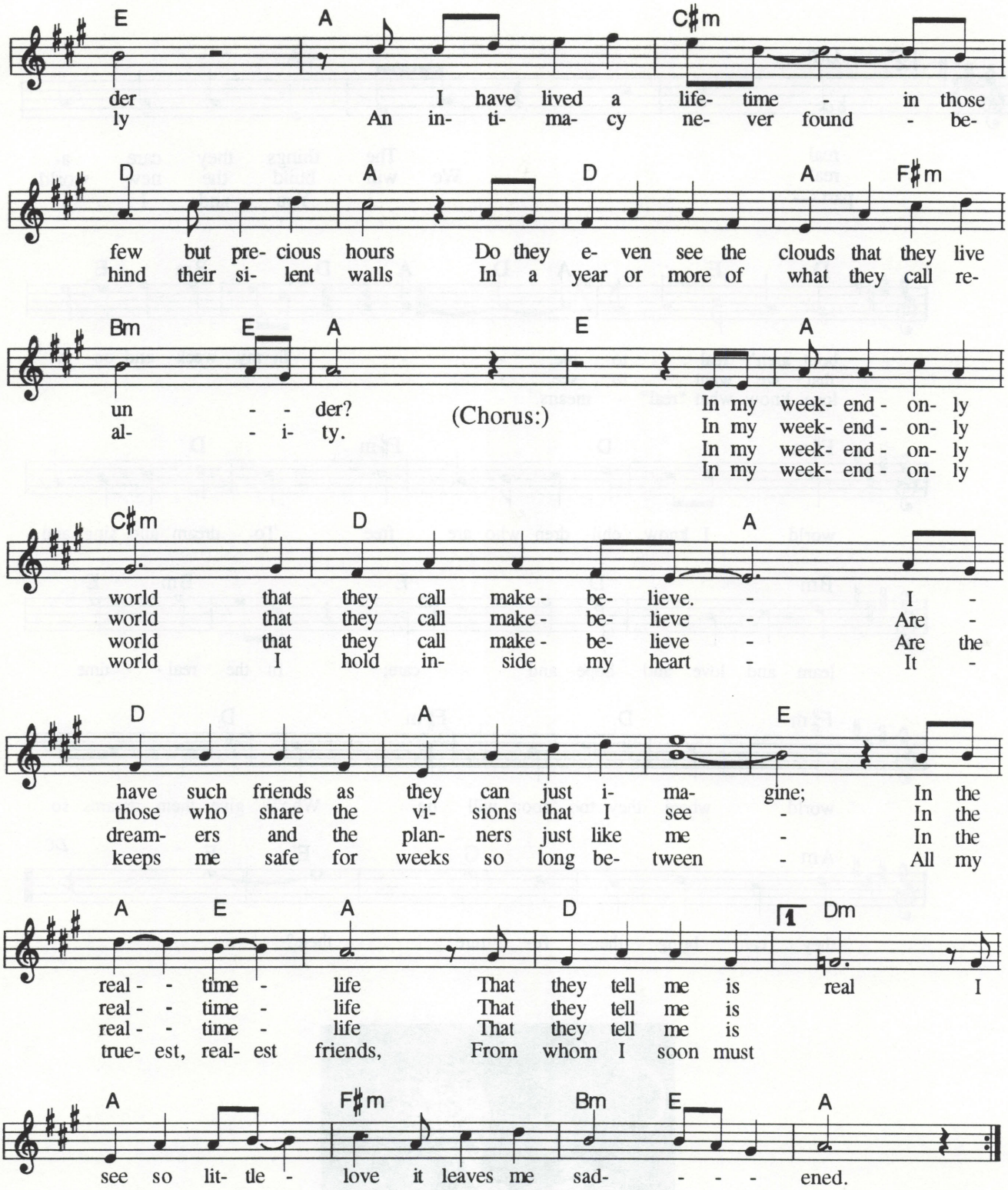

Con Espresso
Amin E7 Amin
A Col- om- bi- an drug lord yes- ter- day was ar- rest- ed
Some peo- ple in- sist that cof- fee should be le- gal,
If we should for- get the depth of cof- fee's dan- gers,
E Amin Dmin E
He was found with fif- ty pounds of cof- fee beans. His in-
In spite of the hor- rors we would sure- ly see. But if
We'd set our na- tion on a dead- ly course. The
E Bdim
ten- tion, as Fed- 'ral wit- ness- es have at- test- ed, Was to
you have the in- tel- li- gence of a bea- gle, You
cof- fee- house would at- tract un- wit- ting stran- gers; Bad
Dmin E7 Amin Dmin
sell the drug to fool- ish, help- less teens. He would
know that would lead us to cat- as- tro- phe. You'd see
cof- fee would be grounds for a di- vorce. And
Bdim Dmin Amin
con- cen- trate and re- duce it to caf- feine pow- der, And then
peo- ple in their of- fic- es ev- 'ry mor- ning Who'd be
if you went out to gob- ble a snack at Bas- kin, You could
Bdim Dmin Amin Dmin
sell it to ghet- to kids to wreck their brain. So the
help- less till they had drained their mor- ning cup. So
see the great- est hor- ror man has known: For

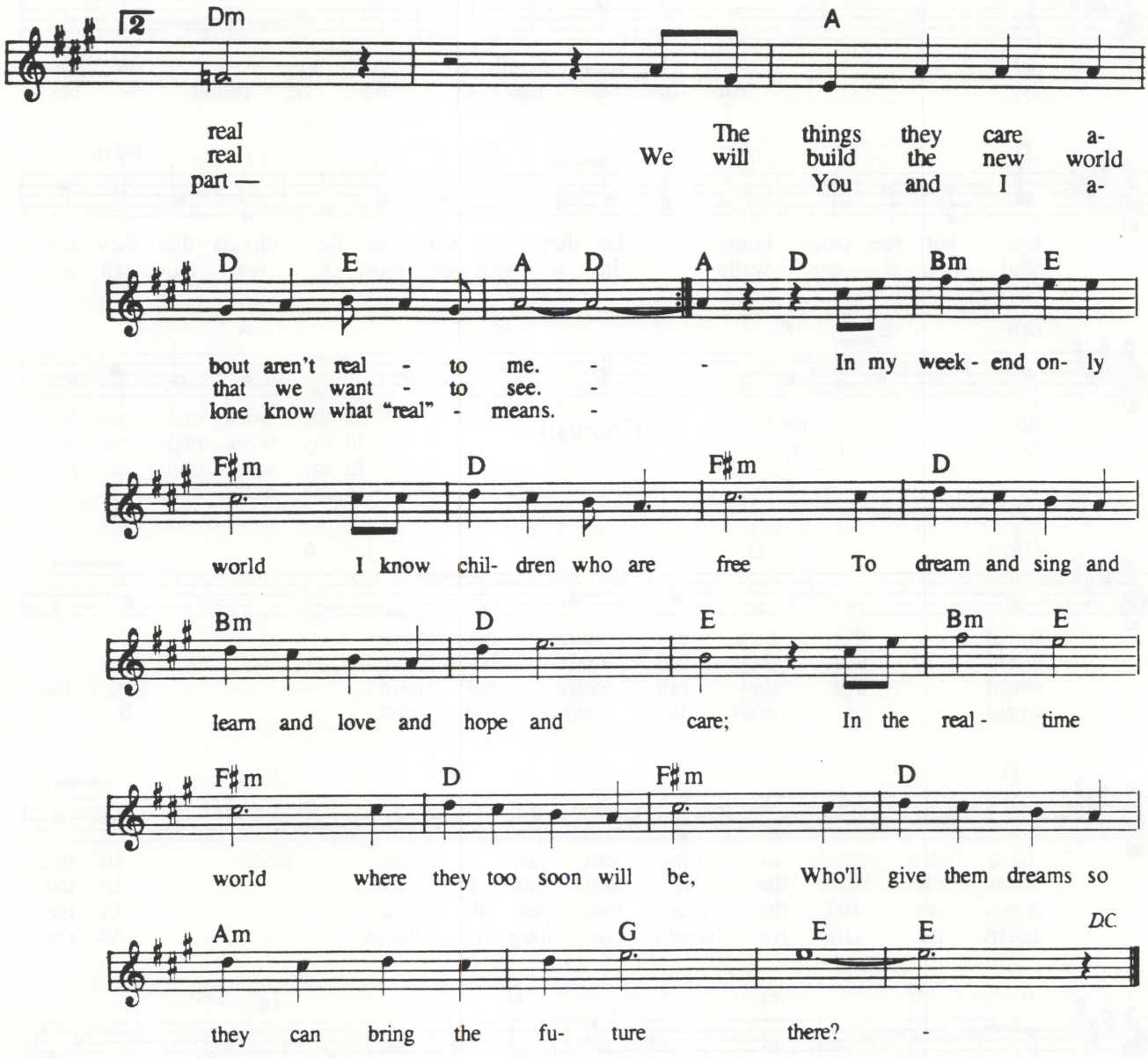
Bdim E7 Amin F♯
only thing we can do is proclaim it loudest: Say
listen to what I say, and heed this warning: The
little kids, for nothing more than asking, Could
B E7
no to coffee or you'll go insane! Give
war on coffee's one we can't give up! Give
get their coffee in an ice cream cone! Give
A D A
thanks for the day our leaders outlawed coffee. If they
thanks for the day our leaders outlawed coffee. If they
thanks for the day our leaders outlawed coffee. If they
E
hadn't just imagine where we'd be. The
hadn't, just imagine where we'd be. We'd
hadn't, just imagine where we'd be. Why,
A E7 D B7
stuff would be sold right in the supermarket! So
be a nation full of coffee addicts. So
next week they might legalize Co-ca-Co-la! So
E A
join us in making A-mer-i-ca caffeine free.
join us in making A-mer-i-ca caffeine free.
join us in making A-mer-i-ca caffeine free.

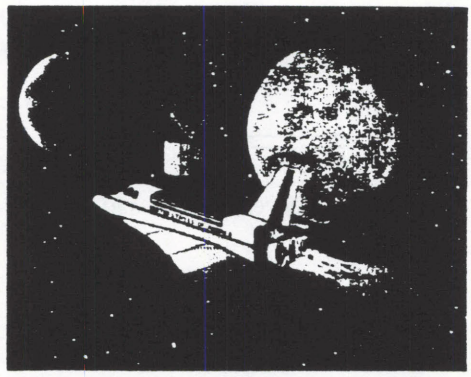
Weekend-Only World

Lyrics: T. J. Burnside Clapp, Copyright © 1988


A F♯ D
1. I meet them dai- ly months on end, - - The sur- face - all I
4. Tell me that my world's not real, And I'll - on- ly
A D A Bm
see Do they hold the things in their hearts - that I do in mine
smile Af- ter all these years I fin- 'ly - know it is- n't true
E A C♯m
- We talk of mort- gag- es and sports and
- I used to en- vy what they had, not
D A D
what's new on T. V. But we grow no clo- ser
know- ing all the while I had more than
A E A D A E
with the pass- ing time - -
they could ev- er know. - - (to chorus —>)
A F♯m D
2. Three days out of ev- 'ry month, Few- er when the mo- ney's
3. In an hour of make- be- lieve In these warm con- ven- tion
A D A Bm
low; But for those few days my heart is filled with won-
halls My - mind runs free, I think and feel so deep-


E A C♯m
der I have lived a life- time - in those
ly An in- ti- ma- cy ne- ver found - be-
D A D A F♯m
few but pre- cious hours Do they e- ven see the clouds that they live
hind their si- lent walls In a year or more of what they call re-
Bm E A E A
un - - der? (Chorus:) In my week- end - on- ly
al- - i- ty. In my week- end - on- ly
In my week- end - on- ly
In my week- end - on- ly
C♯m D A
world that they call make - be- lieve. - I -
world that they call make - be- lieve - Are -
world that they call make - be- lieve - Are the
world I hold in- side my heart - It -
D A E
have such friends as they can just i- ma- gine; In the
those who share the vi- sions that I see - In the
dream- ers and the plan- ners just like me - In the
keeps me safe for weeks so long be- tween - All my
A E A D 1 Dm
real - - time - life That they tell me is real I
real - - time - life That they tell me is
real - - time - life That they tell me is
true- est, real- est friends, From whom I soon must
A F♯m Bm E A
see so lit- tle - love it leaves me sad- - - - ened.


2
Dm
A
real
real
part —
The things they care a-
We will build the new world
You and I a-
D E A D A D Bm E
bout aren't real - to me. - - In my week - end on- ly
that we want - to see. -
lone know what "real" - means. -
F♯m D F♯m D
world I know chil- dren who are free To dream and sing and
Bm D E Bm E
learn and love and hope and care; In the real - time
F♯m D F♯m D
world where they too soon will be, Who'll give them dreams so
Am G E E D.C.
they can bring the fu- ture there? -



Unholy Dead

Lyrics: Rennie Levine, Copyright © 1991
Music: "Oh Holy Night," Traditional

Un- ho- ly dead, the sun is slow- ly sink- ing— It is the
night, and you rise from your vault. Fresh, hot, and
red— the blood you will be drink- ing— Met- al- lic
taste with a faint trace of salt. A pair of fangs in
moon- light will be gleam- ing. A fer- al lunge— a slen- der throat a- waits.
Rise from your grave! Oh, feel the blood- lust
call- ing! Oh, night to dine! Oh,
night when bites are borne! Oh, night to
dine! Oh, night— Oh, night to dine!

Caretaker

Lyrics and Music: Bill Sutton, Copyright © 1986

C G Am
1. In the time of ris- ing moun- tains, In the age when life was new, The trees were the rul- ers of
2. In the time of an- cient moun- tains, In an age no lon- ger new, A man walked in- to the
3. She was sun and moon and star- light. She was earth and sky and sea. She was eve- ry thing that he'd
4. But the man pulled out an a- corn, And he held it to her eyes And he sang to her of
5. In the night un- der an- cient moun- tains, In the night un- der au- tumn sky, A man looks down at a
C G Am C G Am
life on Earth, And the world as a for- est grew.
hard- wood grove With a chain- saw and its crew.
ev- er loved, And all that he wished to be.
birth and life That ev- en an oak must die.
rot- ting stump He shakes his head and sighs.
C G Am C
But new life found the for- est, And the new life
He reached for the crip- pled oak tree And he waved his
And she sang of the el- der for- ests, And she sang of the
Then she knew that her tree had with- ered So she turned no
So he kneels to plant the a- corn And he hears a

G Am C G C G
tore the land, So the dry- ad came to pro- tect the
crew to start, When a vi- sion lept from the bro- ken
rus- tling wind, And her arms reached out from the jag- ged
lon- ger strong. And she passed a- way while the chain- saw
qui- et sound: A sound of joy and the hope of
Am F G
wood, To stay the hu- mans' hand.
limb, And pierced him to the heart.
bark Reached out to pull him in.
roared Drowned out her fi- nal song.
spring, The new life in the ground, Sing- ing,
C G C G Am C
Chorus: I am the strength of the heart and the root. I am the
G Am C G
soul of the wood. Finale: I am the strength of the
Am C G Am
heart and the root. I am the soul of the wood.

Paper Wings

Lyrics and Music: Steve Savitzky, Copyright 1992
(For Carolly)

G
1. She - sits a- lone by can- dle light and
2. She re- calls the pret- ty le- gend that they
3. She - folds them through the au- tumn rains and
4. At - last up- on a rose- red dawn, the
C G D7
sings a wist- ful song Of - free- dom from a
told in days gone by: If you fold a thou- sand
si- lent win- ter snow: A - thou- sand squares of
day breaks clear and warm; A - thou- sand ti- ny
G D
world where she will ne- ver quite be- long; She
pa- per cranes then you will ne- ver die A
pa- per by the can- dle's qui- et glow. She
dra- gons whirl a- round her like a storm. She
D C
takes a square of pa- per and she folds it as she
ti- ny dra- gon perch- es on a chip of crys- tal
sings her songs of dra- gon flight, the night is soft and
watch- es them in won- der- ment, 'til, like the song she

G D
sings. A - ti- ny dra- gon lifts its head and
stone; Would a thou- sand pa- per dra- gons have a
deep; And - pa- per dra- gons watch her bed to
sings, She - ri- ses with them, free to fly a-
C G D
spreads its pa- per wings.
ma- gic of their own?
guard her in her sleep.
way on pa- per wings.
Lis- ten to the song she sings so
Lis- ten to the song . . .
Lis- ten to the song . . .
Lis- ten to the song . . .
C G D
late in- to the night; She folds the ti- ny pa- per wings and
C G D
dreams of dra- gon flight, Dra- gon flight - Dra- gon
G D G
flight - - - - Dra- gon flight - Dra- gon flight. -

My Thousand Closest Friends

Lyrics and Music: Naomi Pardue, Copyright © 1991

Am D Am
mu- sic the world goes a- way, I for- get the press- ing
D G Em Am
prob- lems that fill my oth- er days In a cir- cle of
D G Am
laugh- ter and lov- ing em- brac- es No dark mood can
D C D G
last a- mid your bright and friend- ly fac- es. In
C D G
for- ty- eight hours I've learned to smile a-
Em C D
gain When I'm sur- round- ed by my thou- sand clos- est
(Last time) thank God for my thou- sand clos- est
1 G
friends.
2 G
(Last time D.S.) And I friends.

1. When the world becomes too much for me and I'm tired to the bone,
All evening I long for the office rush; all day I ache for home.
When income equals outgo and there's three more bills to pay,
When I feel like I've just wasted another long and hectic day;

2. When eight A.M. 'til five seems like much more than just nine hours,
When I get so busy pulling weeds I cannot see the flow'rs,
When even making music can't soothe my frazzled brain,
And the sound of my own singing can't block out the driving rain;

3. When I cannot bear the same routine without a loss of mind,
I look forward to the Fridays when I'll leave it all behind.
I'll pack my car and go to where my tired heart can mend,
And spend another weekend with my thousand closest friends.

In a circle of music the world goes away;
I forget the pressing problems that fill my other days;
In a circle of laughter and loving embraces,
No dark mood can last amid your bright and friendly faces.
In forty-eight ours I've learned to smile again,
When I'm surrounded by my thousand closest friends.

4. I know that there are people who think that this is odd.
They take their comfort other ways, from liquor or from God.
Now sometimes prayer can call me, or a drink helps get me through,
But nothing is so healing as the days I spend with you.

5. For two short days I know I can forget my mundane fears.
I know that there are people here who share my joys and tears.
I know if I am lonely that a hug's not far away,
And I know that there is music at the end of every day.

6. I will confess quite freely I don't know all your names,
But from old friends or from new ones, the feeling's much the same.
By Sunday, tired but happy, I can face the world again,
After spending such a weekend with my thousand closest friends.

In a circle of music the world goes away;
I forget the pressing problems that fill my other days;
In a circle of laughter and loving embraces,
No dark mood can last amid your bright and friendly faces.
In forty-eight ours I've learned to smile again,
When I'm surrounded by my thousand closest friends.
And I thank God for my thousand closest friends.

The Hunting Game

Lyrics and Music: Virginia Taylor, Copyright 1991

I am the hunt- ress in the night. I
am as fair as mor- ning light. And
if my glance should meet your eye The
game shall be- gin and one must die.

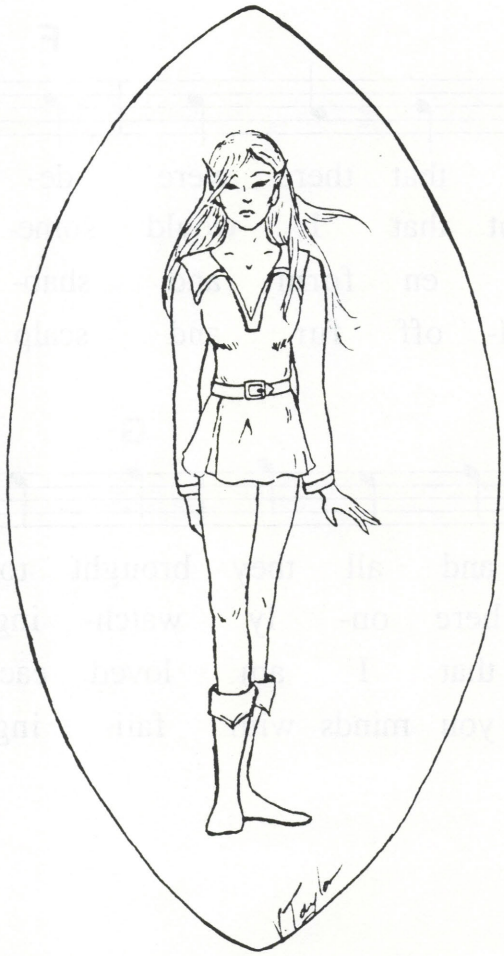
I am the huntress in the night.
I am as fair as morning light.
And if my glance should meet your eye
The game shall begin and one must die.

I am the shadow in the fire,
Elusive as a fairy choir.
Beware the echo of my song.
Beguiled, you believe it nothing wrong.

I am the white bird cross't the moon,
The nightmare you must face too soon.
And do not think that you can flee,
You're only a step away from me.

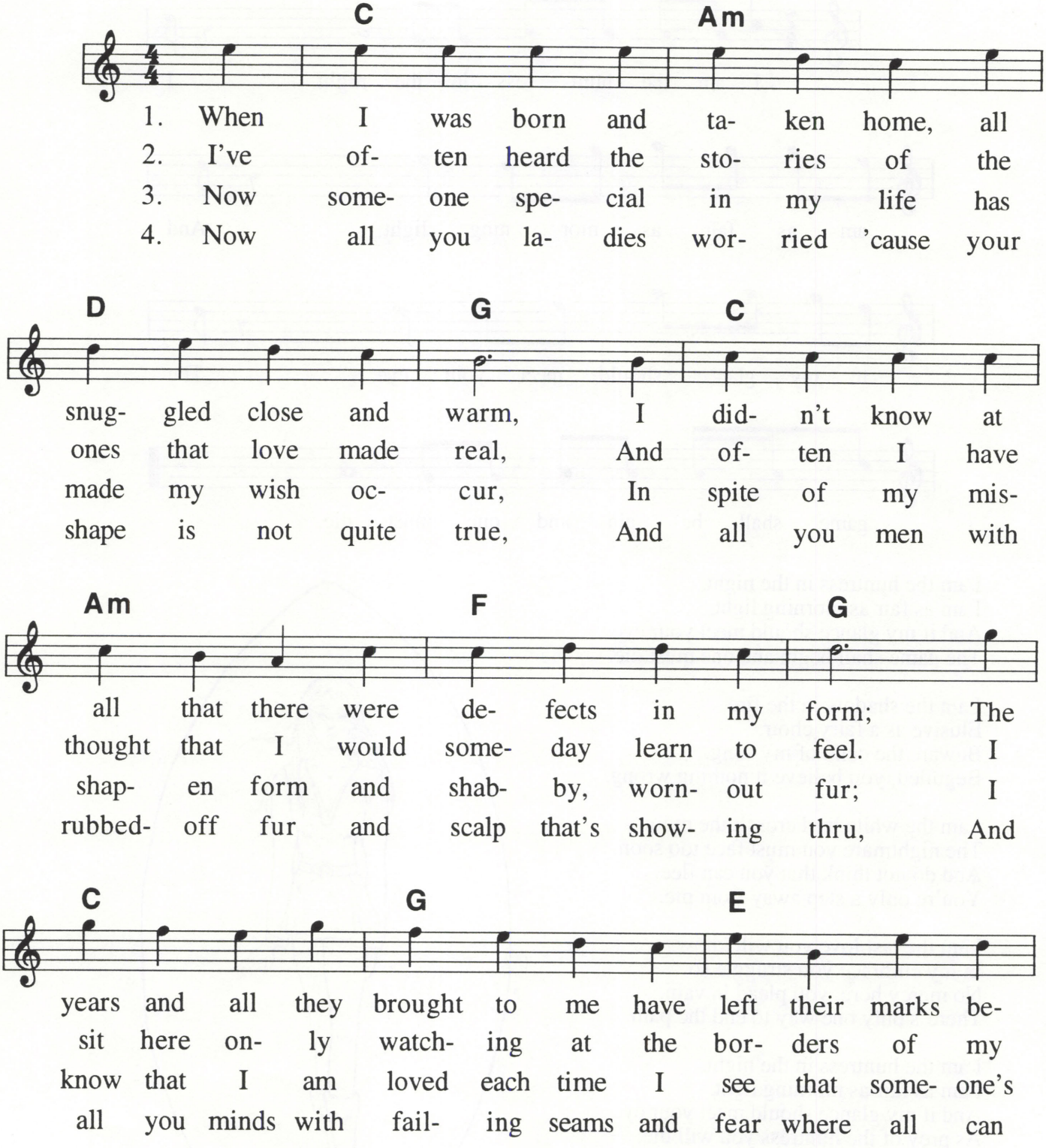
I am the last love you will know.
In my embrace you struggle so.
No mercy here, you plead in vain.
There's only one way to end the pain.

I am the huntress in the night.
I am as fair as morning light.
And if my glance should meet your eye
As prey of the huntress you will die.



Velveteen

Lyrics and Music: Kathy Mar, Copyright © 1989
Based on *The Velveteen Rabbit* by Margery Williams


C
Am
1. When I was born and ta- ken home, all
2. I've of- ten heard the sto- ries of the
3. Now some- one spe- cial in my life has
4. Now all you la- dies wor- ried 'cause your
D
G
C
snug- gled close and warm, I did- n't know at
ones that love made real, And of- ten I have
made my wish oc- cur, In spite of my mis-
shape is not quite true, And all you men with
Am
F
G
all that there were de- fects in my form; The
thought that I would some- day learn to feel. I
shap- en form and shab- by, worn- out fur; I
rubbed- off fur and scalp that's show- ing thru, And
C
G
E
years and all they brought to me have left their marks be-
sit here on- ly watch- ing at the bor- ders of my
know that I am loved each time I see that some- one's
all you minds with fail- ing seams and fear where all can

Am F C
hind, - But if some- one can love me still, I'm
life, And the fear of ne- ver be- ing loved has
eyes; - They tell me I am real in ways that
see: - Take heart from this true les- son from a
G C F
sure that I won't mind. - I can on- ly wish
pierced me like a knife. - I can on- ly wish
no- thing can dis- guise. - And I have got my wish for
worn- out, shab- by me. - And I can on- ly hope that
C E Am
some- one will know just how I feel, And
some- one will know just how I feel, And
some- one who knows just how I feel; He's
some- one will know just how you feel, And
F C G7 C
love me though I'm shab- by, quite e- nough to make me real.
love me when I'm shab- by, quite e- nough to make me real.
loved me though I'm shab- by, quite e- nough to make me real.
love you though you're shab- by, quite e- nough to make you real.

The Paper Sea

Lyrics and Music: Leslie Fish
Copyright © 1989, Firebird Arts and Music

Harmony
Am G F E Am G F E
Melody
Bass
(Yo, ho, ho, ho! Yo, ho, ho, I ho!)
Am C G Em
went to work for Wel- fare, in hopes to help the poor. The
G Am Em
staff showed me a desk and in- tro- duced me to the war. They

F
C
E
told me that the bat- tle start- ed right out- side the door, and they
Am
E
Am
E
Am
E
1
fought it on the pa- per sea.
(Yo, ho, ho, ho! Yo, ho, ho!)
(Last time)
Am
Dm
Am
E
Am
2
sea — I'd had it with the pa- per sea.

(2) There were thirty social-workers, forty-seven clerks,
Twenty-seven managers all gumming up the works,
Three inspectors from the legislature exercising perks:
Barracudas in the paper sea. (Yo, ho, ho, etc.)

(3) There were countless regulations, rulebooks by the score,
Explaining every policy and system tried before.
The money spent on paperwork left nothing for the poor
Abandoned on the paper sea. (etc.)

(4) There were seven hundred forms could be applied to every case
To account for every penny, number, name or date or place.
The clerks were working overtime but never keeping pace
With the waves upon the paper sea. (etc.)

(5) Why these endless papers, administers and more?
All just to guarantee there was no "cheating" by the poor—
But for every dollar saved we spent a hundred on the chore
Of adding to the paper sea. (etc.)

(6) Outside in the hallway the poor folks had to wait.
The line stretched down the block, coming early, leaving late.
Maybe one poor soul per hour ever made it through the gate
Past the boundaries of the paper sea. (etc.)

(7) First came in a man who didn't have a cent.
I filled out twenty forms to guarantee his check was sent.
By the time it reached his address, he was gone for lack of rent—
Well "serviced" by the paper sea. (etc.)

(8) Next came in a mother abandoned by her man.
She said: "Get me some day-care, and I'll find what work I can."
Oh, but day-care was "too controversial" for our family plan.
We marooned her in the paper sea. (etc.)

(9) As I walked in one morning, I stumbled on an arm
Attached to some poor body who had clearly come to harm.
While waiting for his Medicare, his heart had bought the farm;
We had drowned him in the paper sea. (etc.)

(10) I told my supervisor. He said: "Let's be discreet.
Just sneak the body out the door and leave it on the street,
And then it's not our problem but the cops' out on the beat.
Let's dump him in *their* paper sea." (etc.)

(11) I tried to make the system work, I tried to help the poor.
I struggled through the paperwork, and could have taken more,
But that's the final straw that sent me screaming out the door—
Sent me running from the paper sea.
I'd had it with the paper sea!

49 Shades of Green

Lyrics: Roberta Rogow, Copyright 1992
Music: "49 Shades of Green," composer uncertain

This song was voted the best fannish filk in the ConCertino 1992 filksong contest, on the theme "Green." The original song dates back to vaudeville.

Mary Sue went to her first con;
She saw what fans had made;
The hall garb really turned her on,
And she loved the masquerade.
Oh, she turned...

Chorus:
Forty-nine shades of green, fen.
Forty-nine shades of green!
The greenest green you've ever seen,
Forty-nine shades of green!

She entered Worldcon masquerade,
She wondered what she could be;
She finally decided on
A ghostly fantasy
That she called...
(Chorus)

She haunted every fabric store
For remnants that were loose,
In forest, almond, lime, and mint,
And Day-Glo hot chatreuse!
Yes, she used...
(Chorus)

She sashayed on the Worldcon stage,
She nearly didn't wait;
She pulled off swatches one by one,
Till she reached forty-eight,
But she wore...
(Chorus)

The judges gazed at Mary Sue,
They had to hide the glare;
Those colors were so very bright,
Too much for just one pair,
So they wore...
(Chorus)

So Mary Sue took home her prize.
It proudly was displayed:
"Best Use of Color Scheme," it said,
"At Worldcon Masquerade."
Her friends turned...
(Chorus)

The costume's in our windows now,
Nailed onto bits of wood,
And you can see it any time
You're in our neighborhood.
Our house has...
(Chorus)

Take My Advice

Lyrics and Music: Larry Warner, Copyright © 1992

Based on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*

D A G
1. When I came on board as Cou- sel- or, I knew just what I'd
2. I - don't know much a- bout her, but the tales she tells are
3. Just - see her at the count- er there, all calm and cool and
D A G
do: I'd set up time to coun- sel each and
tall. The Cap- tain trusts her deep- ly, e- ven
wise. Though I try hard to be dis- creet, my
C A D A
all with- in the crew With my em- pa- thic po- wers I could
he'll pay her a call. The crew treat her as con- fi- dant. I
mood has caught her eyes! Oh, No! She's head- ing o- ver here, I
F D C
help them work things out, But late- ly I've been
guess it must be nice. Each time she puts her
must con- trol my mood! I know what I'll do,
G A A7
no- tic- ing I've some- how lost my clout It seems they're
"two- cents" in, it's just the right ad- vice! They're in- ter
I'll - smile and or- der up some food. And now I'm

G A D Bm

- whin- in' at Guin- nan; my ad- vice they've been de- clin- in'. Is it
- twin- in' with Guin- nan and I know it's me that's whin- in' But I
- din- in' with Guin- nan. In- se- cu- ri- ties are shin- in' I've just

G C A

true they'd tell a bar- tend- er what they won't tell to me? Her
find I don't com- pare with their es- - - tab- lished link. I
po- lished off the fudge and or- dered - - one more plate. She

G A Bm E

bus- 'ness keeps on boom- in' and I can't keep from as- sum- in' that it's
just can't shake this feel- ing; I'm a- bout to climb the ceil- ing! Think I'll
says I'm be- ing sil- ly; they want my ad- vice, "Yes, real- ly!" Then she

G 1 A G (A) D

ei- ther that she's bet- ter or she does- n't charge a fee.
head off to Ten- For- ward, may- be have my- self a drink.
winks and smiles and

2 A G A D

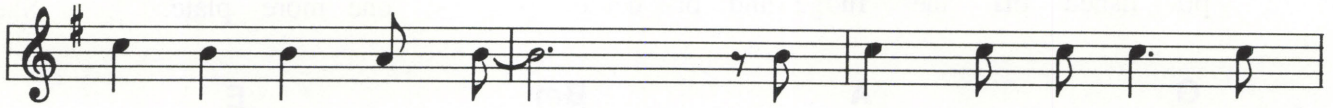
-
-

y' know, I feel just real- ly great! -

Ice

Lyrics and Music: Kathy Mar
Copyright © 1989 by Kathy Mar

	Oh,	my	friend,	I	must	ad-	mit	I
	Stand-	ing	straight	and	for-	ward	on	the
I	know	it	does-	n't	mat-	ter,	but	I
	One	day	will	it	hap-	pen	when	I
	Oh,	my	friend,	I	must	ad-	mit	I



un-	der-	stand	too	well		How	you	can	write	such
fort-	ress	of	the	stage		You	etch	e-	mo-	tion
like	you	best	with-	out	The	shards		of	ice	that
least	ex-	pect	it	to	That	ic-		es	will	creep
un-	der-	stand	too	well		How	you	can	write	such

ten-	der	songs	and	wear	that	dia-	mond	shell	I
on	my	heart,	and	turn	an-	oth-	er	page	And
pull	and	prod	and	tear	your	feel-	ings	out	The
up	on	me	and	turn	my	feel-	ings	blue	And
ten-	der	songs	and	wear	that	dia-	mond	shell	I

see it hap- pen far too much in this bleak world of
though the songs are warm e- nough they nev- er melt the
glit- ter of your wit- ty words that on- ly slips a-
crys- tal- ize the pat- terns of my deal- ings with my
see it hap- pen far too much in this bleak world of

ice That those of us once burned by touch do
snow That gath- ers in your eyes each time that
way Each time a spot- light melts your heart, and
friends Is that the way this jour- ney I am
ice That those of us once burned by touch do

not at- tempt it twice.
you step down to go.
you be- gin to play
tak- ing al- ways ends.

not at- tempt it twice.

Vincent (Wells)

Lyrics: Helva Peters, Copyright © 1990
Music: "Vincent," by Don MacLean

See the starry night, shining in the Mirror Pool
Every star a twinkling jewel
To eyes that see in darkness as in light
But never see the hills
Only shadowed trees and daffodils
The violence of the city's ills
The ache of knowing you can't make it right

They would not understand
The shining possibility
The depth of your humanity
The gentle reaching hand
They would not listen, they would never see
They'd never let you be.

Haunt the starry night, watch our world with piercing gaze
The hollow men, the violet haze,
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of China blue
So little you can do
Hope that springs and dies again
Fearful faces lined in pain
Could never bear the soothing of your hand.

They would not understand...

Though they cannot know you
Still your heart is true
And when all hope is lost from sight
In the shadows of our night
Your world of caves and candles beckons you
The few who know you, Vincent,
Wish our world could accept
Someone as beautiful as you.

Torches shed their light
On paintings in Eliz'beth's halls
Friendly heads on tunnel walls
With eyes that know the love deep in your heart
The ones who take your part
And the special one for you alone
The china rose, the crystal stone,
Exchanged with one who loves all that you are.

One who understands
The strength of possibility
The secrets, fears, and memories
The child, the beast, the man;
There's one who listens, one who always sees
Let Catherine set you free.

There's one who loves you and who holds the key
Let Catherine set you free.

(For *Beauty and the Beast*)

A *Real* Beauty and the Beast Filk

Lyrics: Harold Feld, Copyright © 1992
Music: "The Walls Have Ears" by Jordin Kare

Once there was a prince who was far too proud
And guests in his castle were not allowed
But one sad day he threw out a witch
So she worked up a little switch.

Now the clock has ears and the candle has eyes
And the duster was a French maid in disguise
Somebody has to say "I love you dear"
Before the rose disappears

Then one day came a girl named Belle
Came to her rescue her dad he kept in a cell
You could tell she was in a state of shock
When the bedroom started to talk

And the clock had ears and the candle had eyes
And the furniture were servants in disguise
Please won't you tell him that you love him dear
Before the rose disappears

Well she taught him manners and he learned how to care
And he tried to say "I love you" but he didn't dare
But she saved his life and she broke the spell
And the castle let out a yell

For the clock had ears and the candle had eyes
And the tea set was a family in disguise
Thank you for saying that you loved him dear
The rose almost disappeared

Now they live in the castle with all their friends
And I think you'd call this a happy end
But as a viewer I miss one thing
It's just *too cool* when the furniture sings

For the clock had ears and the candle had eyes
And they were all famous singers in disguise
I'm glad that we went to this movie dear
It's the best one I've seen all year.

Kraken/Kitten

Lyrics: Jane T. Sibley, Copyright 1992
Music: "I Am Kraken," by Leslie Fish

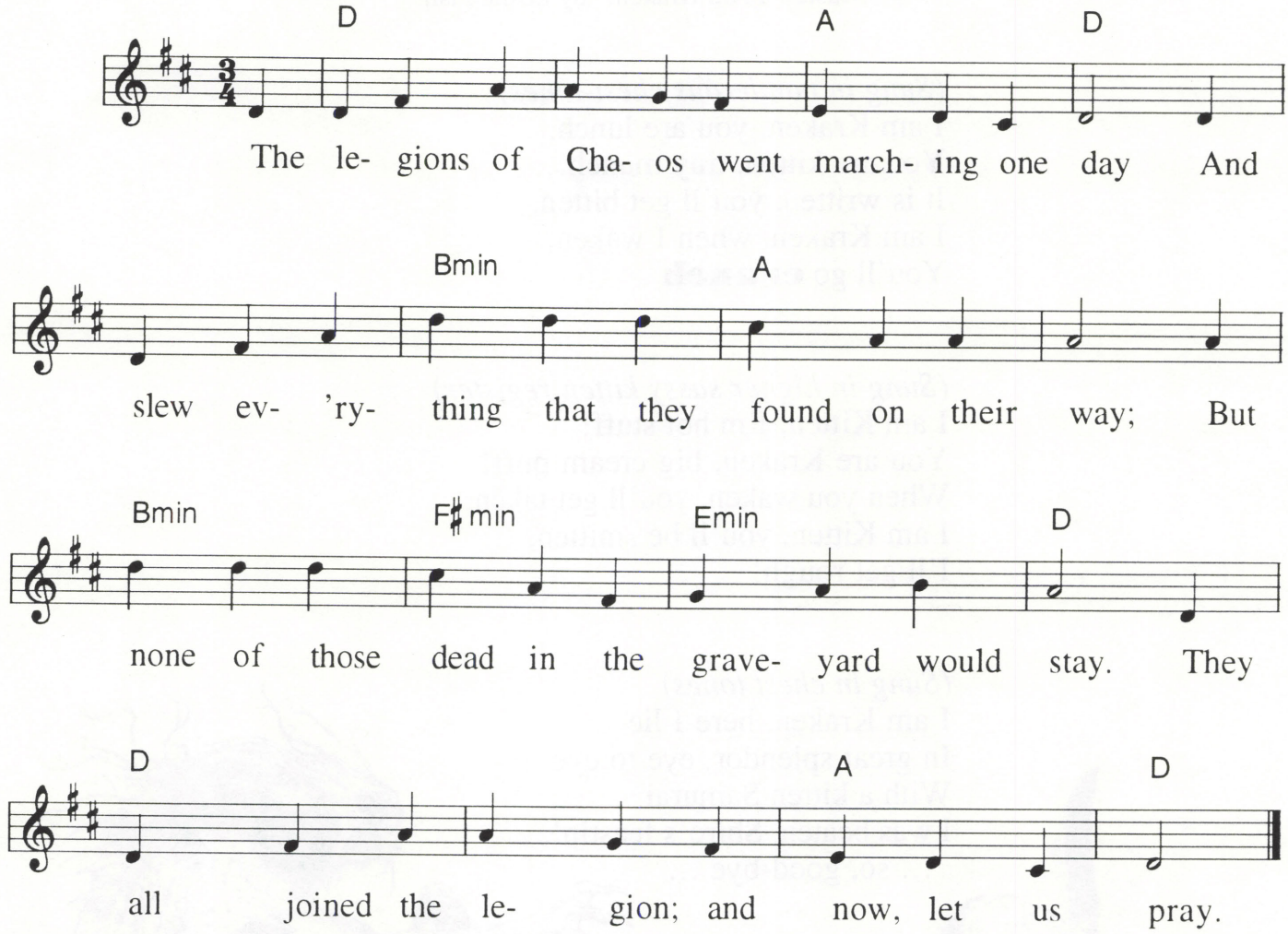
(Sung in ponderous chest-tones)
I am Kraken, you are lunch.
You are kitten, tiny munch…
It is written, you'll get bitten,
I am Kraken, when I waken,
You'll go **crunch**

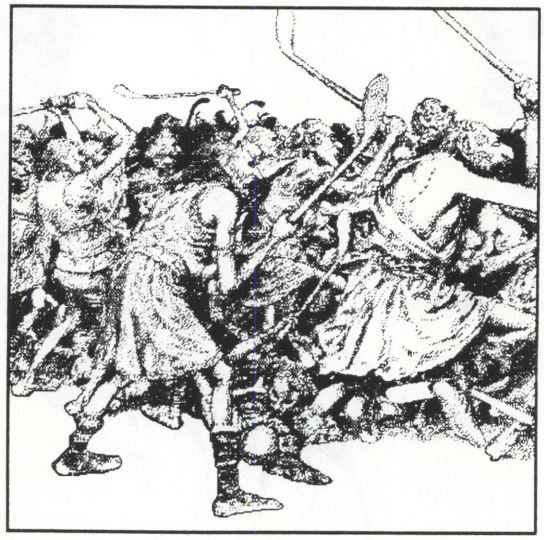
(Sung in higher sassy kitten register)
I am Kitten, I'm hot stuff!
You are Kraken, big cream-puff!
When you waken, you'll get taken…
I am Kitten, you'll be smitten,
I'll get rough!

(Sung in chest tones)
I am Kraken, here I lie
In great splendor, eye to eye
With a kitten Samurai…
I was beaten, Shiro's feastin',
… so, good-bye …

ChaOse

Lyrics: Virginia Taylor, Copyright 1991
Music: "The Threshing Machine," aka "Sweet Betsy from Pike" (trad.)





The legions of Chaos went marching one day
And slew everything that they found on their way;
But none of those dead in the graveyard would stay.
They all joined the legion; and now, let us pray.

There's ghosts and there's goblins and werewolves that roar
And demons and devils and vampires galore
And skeletons, zombies and monsters and more.
Just sorting them out was a terrible chore.

They marched into Chelsea... *
(But nobody noticed, so we'll just skip this verse.)

The National Guard claim that they can't be beat.
Hell's army is not here to play trick or treat.
To play by the rules will just lead to defeat;
If we can' t fight 'em fair, then we'll just have to cheat.

A Con in a valley once stood in their way. †
We asked them to join us and pick, pass or play.
They had such a good time they wanted to stay,
But ghosts disappear with the first light of day.
(Which upset them because the concert was scheduled for noon.)

They marched to Detroit where they all bought new cars
Then drove to Canaveral in just seven hours.
(Speed demons, you know)
They rode to the moon and continued to Mars
Then boarded a troop transport bound for the stars.

And now that the Good have inherited Earth,
There's no more excitement, so what is it worth?
I'm building a spaceship and launching from Perth
To bring back the legions to fill in this dearth.

* Or substitute the name of some local locality.

† Or: ...A Con held in Boston...
or rearrange the line to fit local conditions.

Eyes of Eagles

Lyrics and Music: Leslie Fish

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Slow, country-hymn style

Chorus
D C D C
Grind, child- ren, grind; from the world we left be-
G D A
hind we have won gems e- nough to be free.
D C D C
Grind, child- ren, grind, though the work was nev- er
G D A G
kind Through the eyes of the ea- gles we shall see.
Verse
D
Low- ly sand, snow- y sand, from the
Pour it bold in the mold. Let it
Edg- es thin as a pin, and the
See how clear, see how near, see how

G
D
beach- es of the land: Melt it down in the
slow- ly take the cold, 'Til a clear coin of
cen- ter thick with- in, Domed as smooth as a
great small things ap- pear. Let your sight grasp the
A
D
pot- mak- er's fire. Flux and blow, make it
crys- tal it lies. Now by feel, strong as
rain- drop can be. With- out haste, with- out
seed or the skies. Stack them true, two by
G
D
glow, 'til like wat- er it shall flow. Let it flow to the
steel, grind it on the sand- ed wheel 'Til its shape mir- rors
waste, pol- ish clear with pum- ice paste 'Til the won- ders of
two, and what's far will come to you. Call them lens- es, or
A
D
C D
form we de- sire.
clear ea- gles' eyes.
Earth you can see.
glass ea- gles' eyes.

The Star

Lyrics and Music: Larry Warner, Copyright © 1988

Based on a *New Twilight Zone* episode, after a short story by Arthur C. Clarke

Am C
The Star, The Star, The Star, The Star - led three wise men
D Am Am
a- cross the de- sert to a child; - The star, the star, the
C D
star, the star - guid- ed shep- herds To find the
Am G
in- fant meek and mild. - From its bright- ness came a mir-
Am D Am
a- cle, and all were led that night Un- to a ti- ny
G Am G
man- ger by The Star. - 1. I stand be- neath the
2. Why were they all
3. "Do not mourn for
Am C
sur- face of this an- cient, air- less rock; Un- count- ed light years
sa- cri- ficed? Of all the stars we've seen, Why did this one
us, for we have known the pur- est light." "Have looked on beau-ty,
D B♭
from my na- tive world; - With- in this ti- ny
no- va way back then? - And from our cal- cu-
lived in love and peace." - "Grieve for those who

Am
D
cham- ber lie a cul- ture's last re- mains And ne- ver has such
la- tions, it ap- pears this ve- ry star Burned bright- ly o- ver-
go a- lone and ne- ver see the sun, To die in dark- ness,
E
F
beau- ty been un- furled. - De- pic- ted in the paint- ings are a
head of Beth- le- hem; - Can you hear my ques- tions? I have
life with- in them cease." - As the an- cient voic- es fade I
C
D
land grown wild and lush — The peo- ple liv- ing free of pain and
spread your Word so long A- cross the ma- ny ga- lax- ies I've
lay the print- out down — A po- em from the last days of this
F
Am
war. - The re- cords found with- in re- late a
seen? - My mind and heart's in tur- moil, won't you
place. - Per- haps this is my an- swer, and when
D
F
cul- ture so e- volved - - That po- ver- ty and
help me un- der- stand? - - Why des- troy this
man- kind's time has come, - - We might just light the
G
1 A
2 A
D.S.
sick- ness reign no more. -
beau- ty that had been? -
way for some new race. - The

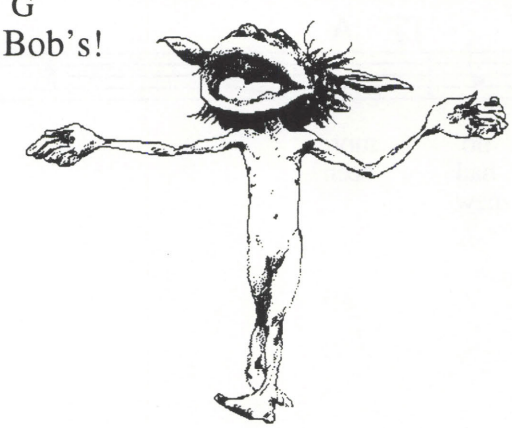
He Is Bob

Lyrics: Rennie Levine, Copyright 1992
Music: "The Wedding Song" by Paul Stookey

G D
He is bound to be among you at the sounding of your art—
C G
Be assured, you troubadors, he'll tear your songs apart.
D C G
The songworm in his spirit won't allow him to refrain,
Em G D
So Kanef'll soon cause more of you to tremble at his name—
C G A7 C G
He is Bob, he is Bob!

G D C G
When a fan shall write a lyric and a tune to call his own,
Em G D
It shall make the rounds of filking fandom 'til it's known,
G D C G
As it was in the beginning, it won't be at the end—
Em G D
The songworm eats it up, and when he spits it out again
C G A7 C G
It is Bob's — oh, it is Bob's!

C Am D G
So then, what could be the reason for the parodies he writes?
C Am D G
Is it Bob who feeds the songworm, or Bob the songworm bites?
G D C G
Well, whatever is the reason, of this you can be sure—
Em G D
If you believe a song's more warped than you have heard before,
C G
Then it is Bob's, it is Bob's!

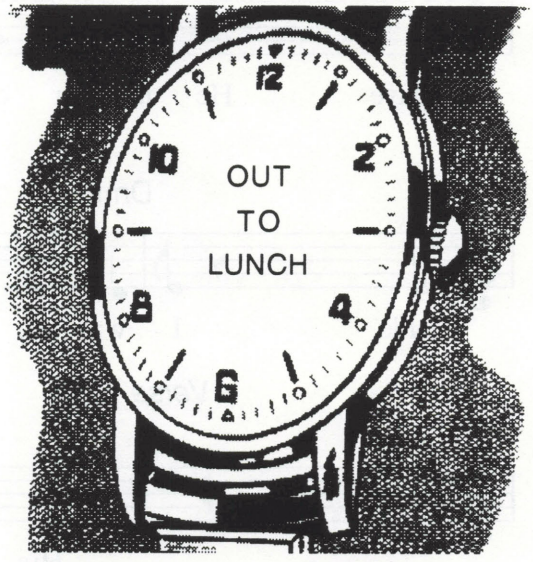


Procrastinator's Hymn

Lyrics: Jane T. Sibley, Copyright 1992
Music: Leslie Fish's setting of Kipling's "Engineer's Hymn"

Oh, Lord, thou hast made this world
A frantic, busy place…
And taught by time, I treat it so,
When morning-time I face.
From snooze-alarm to Jeopardy,
I see thy hand, O God…
Procrastination is my choice,
My goal, through life to plod.

The Captain rules upon the deck,
While I goof off here below.
He sends his orders down the line,
A useless, frenzied show…
He thinks his word is iron law,
As ancient rules decree…
I know what keeps this ship in space:
Dumb luck and apathy!



I know these jobs are verra', verra' small,
But tomorrow's comin' soon…
Some urgent work I'll just delay
Until this afternoon…
It's time now for a little nap,
'Cause ma' engine's runnin' fine…
That meter jump and grating noise
I will fix another time.

Behold these fluffy pillows
And an SF book or two…
Some nachos and a Snickers bar,
That leak can wait a few…
And fools they be, who fail to see
That the Good Life runs on "Slow,"
For my sofa is a temple raised
To the God of the Status Quo.

Oh, Lord, thou hast made this world
A frantic, busy place…
And taught by time, I treat it so,
When morning-time I face,
From snooze-alarm to Jeopardy,
I see thy hand, O God…

(Editor's note: This song was received one day after the deadline for submissions.)

Flowers for Algernon

Lyrics and Music: Kathy Mar, Copyright © 1989
Based on *Flowers for Algernon* by Daniel Keyes

Chorus
C
♩=180
Amin
If you re- mem- ber put some flow- ers on his
Dmin
G
grave He was my lit- tle friend for all the com- fort that he
C
Amin
gave He nev- er called me Dum- my he was al- ways on my
Dmin
C
side I was so ve- ry sor- ry when he died.
(Last time to coda)
Verse
E
His op- er- a- tion made him smart He
And when my op- er- a- tion made Me
And now the smart- ness goes a- way And
Amin
D
ran the maze so good But al- ways had some
smart- er he was there To show me what would
Al- ger- non is dead And all my friends are

G
time to be my friend We
hap- pen next to me It
nice to me a- gain But
E
Amin
used to race and he would win It al- ways made me
was- n't al- ways in a book I had to hurt and
when I am like Al- ger- non A- sleep in- side the
D
G
mad at him But he would still be nice e- ven then.
some- times look At sad things that I did- n't want to see
dirt and gone I won- der who will think a- bout me then
D.C.
Coda
C
Dmin
(And) died. I was so ve- ry
C
sor- ry when he died.

History of a Tune

By Gary McGath

The folk/filk process often goes on for many years; some of the tunes we use for filks are more ancient than we realize. One tune has proven especially adaptable to the advance of technology. In its original form, it was known as "The Ship that Never Returned":

On a sum- mer day, as the waves were rip- pling By the
"On- ly one more trip," said a gal- lant cap- tain, As he
"Then we'll spend our days in a co- zy cot- tage And en-
soft and gen- tle breeze, Did a ship set sail with her
kissed his weep- ing wife, "On- ly one more bag of the
joy the rest I've earned!" But, a- las, poor man, who
car- go la- den for a port be- yond the
gol- den treas- ure, And 'twill last us all through
sailed com- man- der On the ship that nev- er re-
seas. Did she nev- er re- turn? No, she nev- er, re- turned, and her
life."
turned!
fate was yet un- learned, Tho' for years and years there were
fond ones wait- ing for the ship that nev- er re- turned.

The advance from sail power to motor power turned this song into "The Train that Never Returned" (both of these lyrics and the original form of the tune are found in *Weep Some More, My Lady*, by Sigmund Spaeth, 1927):

I was going 'round the mountain one cold winter day,
A-watching the steam boil up high,
It was from a fast train on the C. and O. Railroad
And the engineer waved me goodbye!

Did she ever return? No, she never returned,
Though the train was due at one,
For hours and hours the watchman stood waiting
For the train that never returned.

His sweet little wife come up to the station—
Says "Last night my heart did yearn,
I dreamed last night and it's still on my memory!
I'm a-feard she will never return!"

"Go back, sweet wife," said the drunken conductor,
As he waved his cap with delight,
"If the wheels will roll and the engineer stays sober,
We will all reach home tonight!"

This lyric, in turn, inspired "The Wreck of the Old '97," to the same tune. Later on, Boston's peculiar subway fare structure inspired Jacqueline Steiner Sharpe and Bess Hawes to write "Charlie on the MTA," which promoted Walter O'Brien's political campaign. (This song is found in Pete Seeger's *The Incompleat Folksinger*.)

From here on the filkers took over, and there's no limit on what might "never return." My own contribution to the chaos is called, like the original, "The Ship that Never Returned":

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named Charlie
And his voyage beyond despair.
He rode the Blue Line train and went down to the spaceport
To pilot the Em Cee Square.

Refrain:
Oh, will he ever return? No, he'll never return,
And his fate is still unlearned.
He may fly forever through the universe
In the ship that never returned.

Charlie boarded his ship at the Logan Spaceport
And he boosted right up to C.
Now he's stuck forever in the selfsame moment
For all of eternity.

(Refrain)

Now all day long Charlie rides in his spaceship
And it's always a quarter to ten.
How will he ever make it to coffee break time
Or see a lunch hour again?

(Refrain)

Now you scientists of Earth, don't you think it is a scandal
That he's trapped there all unaware?
Fight the laws of physics, vote for Zefrem Cochrane;
Get Charlie off the Em Cee Square.

(Refrain)
(Copyright 1990 by Gary McGath)

But I can't claim high marks for originality; the refrain is almost identical with that of "The Good Ship Bodacious," which predates mine although the two were written independently.

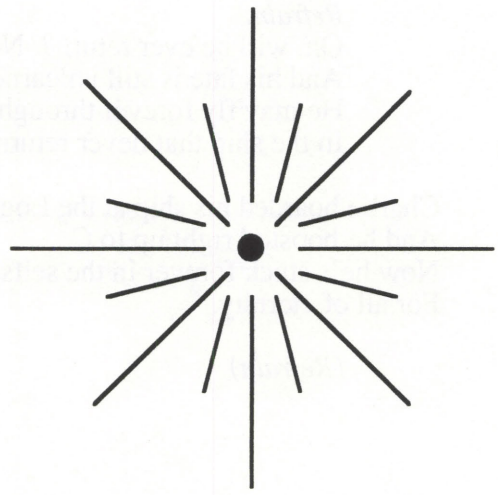
Combining the space theme with current politics, we have a song which was created at the 1992 Lunacon Parody Workshop. The version presented here is the one printed in Rec Room Rhymes #9, with final editing by Roberta Rogow.

Let me tell you the story of a man named Sergei
Who set out to reach the stars.
He got into his capsule, blasted into orbit,
And left what WAS the USSR.

(Refrain)
And did he ever return? No, he never returned,
And his fate is still unlearned. (Poor old Sergei)
He may ride forever in the Mir Space Station,
He's the man who never returned.

So all summer long, Sergei circled the planet,
And he watched the world go by;
There were coups and secessions, and a General Election,
And he kissed his re-entry goodbye!

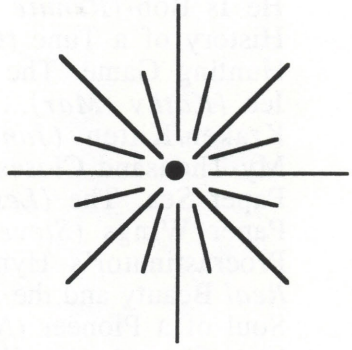
So he called Baikonur and asked for assistance:
"Can you bring me down by beam?"
And they called back Sergei, and said, "We can't help you,
We're no longer a Unified Team."



Then all winter long they ferried provisions
To keep poor Sergei alive;
They sent fresh caviar and plenty of vodka,
And some borscht to feed the drive.

The Yanks had a plan that would vary his diet,
And get Sergei off that craft;
They would ask him to defect, then take him to McDonald's,
But he thought that plan was daft!

Then Mission Control was asked by Sergei,
"What's become of my army pay?"
And they told the cosmonaut, "Not to worry,
The ruble just collapsed today."



Then Sergei asked, "Why can't I re-enter,
And land in Kazakhstan?"
They said, "We checked, and you're carrying vodka,
And that goes against the Koran!"

Then Sergei said, "Can I come home, someday?
I am so lonely, please?"
And they said, "Not to worry, 'cause we heard your spacecraft
Was just bought by the Japanese."

Now Sergei looks down from his place in orbit,
And says, "Hey, I think it's great;
Since it's not Soviet, and it's not a Union,
I'm an Independent State!"

(Copyright 1992 by Other Worlds Books)

What will be the next parody be? All we can say is this:

Will it be filked again? It will be filked again
Through new parodies untold.
It may go forever through a million verions;
It's a song that never grows old.

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